ERUTGERS REVIEW

Contract of the second



letter from the editor



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Rob Gulya



CULTURE EDITOR Edward Reep



A&E EDITOR Melissa Gabilanes



MUSIC EDITOR Joe Zorzi



POTPOURRI EDITOR Lizzie Plaugic

Four years ago, as a small timid freshman, I walked into my first Rutgers Review meeting. Surrounded by what seemed like loud, strong-minded editors, I sat quiet. The following Wednesday, I returned. And the Wednesday after that.

I'm not quite sure what attracted me to that first meeting, but I know what made me stay. Yes, I was a little afraid, and I was most definitely shy, but I also admired the editors' enthusiasm and dedication. Over the semester, I spent every other Sunday at the top floor of the Rutgers Student Center, learning the basics of editing and design, and witnessing the love child that the Rutgers Review gave birth to every other weekend. A lot has changed since then. The process has undergone a lot of revision. But one thing has always remained the same: the enthusiasm that brought me back each and every Wednesday of my freshman year.

I'll be graduating in a few weeks and moving out of Middlesex County for the first time. I'll have to become a "real member of society," rather than living off the government. When I look back on my time at Rutgers, what stands out most is the enthusiasm. No matter what, I've always known Rutgers students to go all out: in their studies (how many all-nighters do we pull every year?), in their protests (a few nearly got arrested the other day for colonizing McCormick's office), or in their partying (Rutgersfest speaks for itself). I feel like Rutgers always goes all out in everything; "go big or go home," as they say. And that's a lesson worth learning.

Goodbye and Good Luck, Rob Gulya

ART DIRECTOR Sharanya Durvasula PRESIDENT Eric Weinstein VICE PRESIDENT Zac Schaffner TREASURER Ian Kotliar ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR Samantha Kelly COPYEDITOR Amanda Matteo PHOTOGRAPHERS Sam Greenblatt, Emma Rackmil CONTRIBUTERS Dylan Douglas, Stefan Haas-Heye, Sonia Karas, Michael Schwab, Lee Selzter, Ned A. Snarkforn, Elaine Tang, Marcin Wysocki ADVISOR Ronald Miskoff

table of contents

- 4 Dylan Douglas Ca\$h for Sperm
- 5 Amanda Matteo One Distraction at a Time
- 6 Rob Gulya The Graphic Novel Tide Overflows Academic Snobbery
- 8 Michael Schwab Give the Creeps a Snookie!
- 10 Marcin Wysocki Prospector Blues in the New Music Landscape
- II Stefan Haas-Heye Jesus Christ, Superstar
- 12 Sonia Karas, Marcin Wysocki and Joe Zorzi Who's Who in Hub City
- 13 Ned A. Snarkforn **Doing the Murray Hall Five-Knucle Shuffle**
- 14 Michael Schwab and Eric Weinstein **Discount Dionysus**



The Rutgers **Review Goes to RutgersFest and Shit Goes Down** by Joe Zorzi

Chill Out **About Snooki** by Lee Seltzer



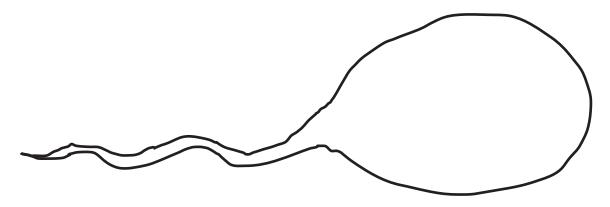


Trial By Fire at the Campus **Movie Fest** by Elaine Tang

Bamboozle 2011 by Sonia Karas



^{*}As you may have noticed - This is a much smaller issue of the Review. For the full Rutgers Review experience, you'll have to go to our tumblr website. Here are some helpful web 2.0 barcodes (scan these with your phone).



ONLY REFERTHEM IF

YOU'D WANT YOUR

DAUGHTER DATING

THEM, GOT IT?'' I DID.

SURE, WHO WANTS FAT,

SHORT, OR UGLY KIDS?

CA\$H FOR SPERM

BY DYLAN DOUGLAS

've spent days on job sites - LinkedIn, Craiglist, Monster – and I just haven't been qualified. All hope was lost until last week, as I sat on an LX, someone dropped a Targum at my feet and there it was: a winking, large-breasted coed, her thumbs up, beckoning me towards financial stability underneath the font "We Want Your Sperm."

Despite bioethics class, I immediately changed buses, heading downtown into the depths of the basement that is home to the Xytex Cryo International Sperm Bank. I checked in with the receptionist/ PH.D/recruiter, a bearded man in scrubs. He gave me the rundown: each sample (sperm deposit) reaps \$60 or \$100 but it depends on whether the donor consents as an anonymous donor or an Identity Dis-

closure Donor, respectively. The latter type allows for "offspring" to contact their father (i.e. me) only "...once they reach the age of majority."

I agreed, accepting possible future confrontation and the arduous medical survey that asked questions like, have you traveled to the Congo between 1987 and now? Ex-

perienced symptoms of Dark Yellow Urine Disease? Had Ancient Jewish Disease? Moments later, receptionist/PH.D/recruiter-guy poked his head out to say that, "...regardless, you can still be compensated \$100 per referral to Xytex – as long as the potential donors aren't fat, short, or ugly. Only refer them if you'd want your daughter dating them, got it?" I did. Sure, who wants fat, short, or ugly kids?

I handed in my application, my answers were

reviewed, and I was told that indicating more than three sexual partners in the past six months was too much. He crossed it out, I initialed, we moved on. Having asthma was not good either, unless I hadn't had an asthma attack in an extended amount of time. I said yes, of course not, I initialed, we moved on. He explained that, even if I didn't know what these diseases (that he couldn't pronounce) were, let alone whether or not my relatives have ever suffered from them, that I must write "no" in every one of the 60+ spots. Done.

Was something wrong here? Even though this company claims to offer customers full medical/ physiological background on their donors, the touted "facts" were based on hearsay that this sperm collec-

> tor rephrased to fit what would please customers and the FDA. I asked the man, "How will I know when I'm accepted as a donor?" He explained that semen, blood, and possibly urine samples would be tested, free of charge.

Following this "thorough interview," I was guided to the

sample derivation room – aka the minuscule mastrabatorium, the climax closet, the smallest of the three rooms that constitute Xytex's office. There I was, about to sit down in front of the stacks of porn with a bottle of sanitizer and a bigger bottle of lotion. With my manhood in one hand and my dignity and morals in the other, I sat down and made my decision: I'd at least let them conduct the free testing.



lank page. It's daunting, this unfilled page. I don't even know what to say, really. I was going to write this article three days ago. And when that didn't happen, I was going to start at 11 pm tonight. It's 4:45 am. Shit.

You see, I'd have started at 11, but I was studying for a test. Well, maybe studying isn't the right word. It depends if you consider Facebook a form of studying. Or making Ramen. Or organizing my desk. Or recrossing-out things in my planner in multiple colors, just because I wanted to make it look prettier. Oh, and there was that 10-minute-turned-40-minute break, where I looked up lyrics to every single Spring Awakening song. It was really important, you know. I needed good lyrics for my Facebook status. It was for the two people who actually care enough to read my page, let alone at 3:00 am.

I suffer from a disease. Actually, I think it's safe to say that every Rutgers student, college student, or student in general, suffers from it too. It's called procrastination. It's an epidemic without a cure. Trust me; I've tried to find one. I tried that Self-Control software shit - major bust. I tried, um, actual selfcontrol - even more of a bust. I even tried having my roommate yell at me periodically just to make sure I was doing my work – I ended up ignoring her, yelling back nasty obscenities, and possibly giving her the finger (can't completely remember, everything after

One Distraction at a Time

by Amanda Matteo

4 am tends to get a bit fuzzy).

Oops, got distracted. I'm back now. 5:30 am what what! You know, basically every status on my newsfeed is "oh \$hiT, haven't doneee anythinggg yettt!" or "eh, fuck it, going to sleep, peace out fb." It's like they know what I'm writing about! Granted, I'm almost done and I still don't know what I'm writing about. Shit, I have to get up in 3 hours. I forgot to do laundry. Why is my laptop so dirty?! I should clean it.

Okay now, seriously. Focus Amanda. I think, maybe, I found my point. I can't even believe I'm writing an article about this. But hey, I guess everyone can relate. And, in a way, that's my point. Everyone procrastinates. Yes, even you. Don't deny it. If you don't procrastinate, pull an all-nighter, or do stupid things instead of homework once in a while, well, then you're not having the "college experience." Or, hell, you're not having real life experience.

I'm totally pulling this out of my ass, but the more I write, the more it makes sense. And here's where I'd make an awesome conclusive statement that would leave you thinking for days, but I should have sent this draft in three days ago and I don't have time. Procrastinators for the win!

The Graphic Novel Tide Overwhelms **Academic Snobbery**

by Rob Gulya

guarantee that if you told more six-year-olds that they could spend their life studying comic books, we'd have a whole lot more people staying in school, and a whole lot more people studying English. In today's academia, this is becoming a more realistic possibility. In 2008, the University of Florida, University of Toronto, and University of California-Santa Cruz introduced comic studies as an area of specialization for graduate students. So, I wonder, when did the comic become a legitimate form of academic literature?

Perhaps the turning point came in 1992, when the graphic novel Maus: A Survivor's Tale won the Pulit-

zer Prize, leading to Scott McCloud's Understanding Comics, which defined and provided a history of the genre. Throughout time, "low art" mediums often reveal the most interesting things about society because they challenge the accepted hegemony and, in doing so, bring about change and innovation.

Believe it or not, Shakespeare's theater was considered a "low art" form by his contemporaries.

Here at Rutgers, comics are becoming increasingly prominent in English and History classes. Professor Martin Gliserman has taught the graphic novel Ghost World in his introductory prose course for several years, and last semester a course exploring Jewish Graphic Novels was offered. From a pedagogical standpoint, comics offer Professor Gliserman a new way to study narrative: "When we study the graphic, we learn about the prose (and vice versa); we find new—obviously visual—modes of performing narrative." Comics illuminate the way that we approach

and read other mediums, such as the novel or the short story, because "[they] help a student to know what style is when we see different modes where style is an issue."

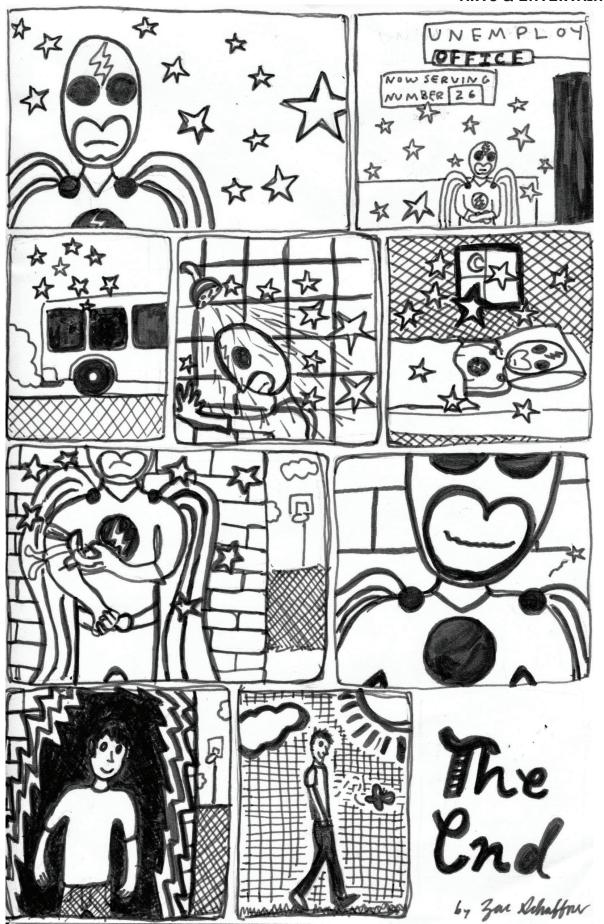
This year, two students, Mimi Zander and Lauren Felton, wrote undergraduate theses on graphic novels. After taking a course their freshman year, both grew increasingly interested in studying graphic novels. "The course taught me a lot about the stylistic choices comic artists make in their works...and it also taught me about how images and text work together," Lauren explained. In our age of visual communication she believes the ability to "read" images

> will become increasingly important and should become "an integral part of our English education." Likewise, Mimi finds comics exciting in that they provide a new medium to explore, and they are not "less valuable" than the classical canon, just differ-

What does the future

hold for comics in academia? It's tough to say. Lauren and Mimi are optimistic because of the amount of support they received during their research from the Rutgers University faculty. However, both mentioned they also faced criticism from their parents, and Professor Gliserman emphasizes the slow process of incorporating comics into academia. "Would a grad student doing graphic novels find a job?" he ponders, "...probably not at Rutgers English." It has been a long, steep climb for comics, but this is typical of new forms that challenge the "high art/low art" hierarchy. Perhaps, for comics, it's just a matter of

NOVELS WAS OFFERED.



GIVE THE CREEPS A SNOOKI

BY MICHAEL SCHWAB PHOTO BY SAM GREENBLATT

n March 4th, the Daily Targum announced that Nicole "Snooki" Polizzi, the cosmetically top-heavy, belligerently-famous Neanderthal of Jersey Shore fame, was to be paid \$32,000 by Rutgers University Programming Association for a two-hour "comedic presentation." As Rutgers students tried to process the arrival of such an esteemed visitor, a friend of mine was in the middle of getting David Liebe Hart, the extra-terrestrially-minded, Bluetooth-sporting singer and puppeteer of Tim and Eric: Awesome Show! Great Job fame, to do a one-night stint in a New Brunswick basement for five dollars a head.

If you've never heard of Tim and Eric: Awesome Show! Great Job, chances are it's not for you. With its fifth and last season airing last year, the show's primary focus is psychedelic gross-out humor with highly-obscured undertones of social criticism, all

done under the guise of a highlystylized imitation of local-access television. Besides random appearances by different comedic actors with varying degrees of popularity (from obscure comedians such as Neil Hamburger to celebrated funny men such as

Will Ferrell and Paul Rudd), the show employs lowcost, seemingly-untalented bit-part actors with pipe dreams of TV success.

David Liebe Hart, along with other regulars James Quall and Richard Dunn (RIP), seems to fall in between the two categories. He's no doubt obscure, but it would be hard to call him a comedian. He's definitely low-cost, but his resume looks like that of a professional in comparison to the other lower-tier members of the show. He's been doing radio, stage and street performance, TV and film since the 70s, compiling a strange list of work experiences with even stranger gems (Golden Girls, Man on the Moon, Good Times, The Price is Right). But what's more interesting is his own creation, The Junior Christian Science Bible Lesson Program, which was on local access in Los Angeles from 1988-2007. Luckily, a couple of moments of this show have been preserved on YouTube. I highly recommend watching them.

On March 29, two days before Snooki would come to Rutgers, I received a Facebook invite entitled "David Liebe Hart in New Brunswick." At first I thought it was fake, but the more people who RSVP'd "Attending" on the event, the more I realized that it was actually going to happen. Thus inspired by the sheer proximity of the celebrity to my very doorstep, I decided to try and get an interview with the mysterious David Liebe Hart. He wasn't as mysterious as I thought, considering I was able to find him on Facebook within a matter of seconds. That being so I sent him a message asking if he wanted to speak

THE FIRST THING DAVID

LIEBE HART ASKED ME

WAS IF THE "NEWSPAPER

PEOPLE" WOULD BE ABLE

TO ADVERTISE HIS CDS.

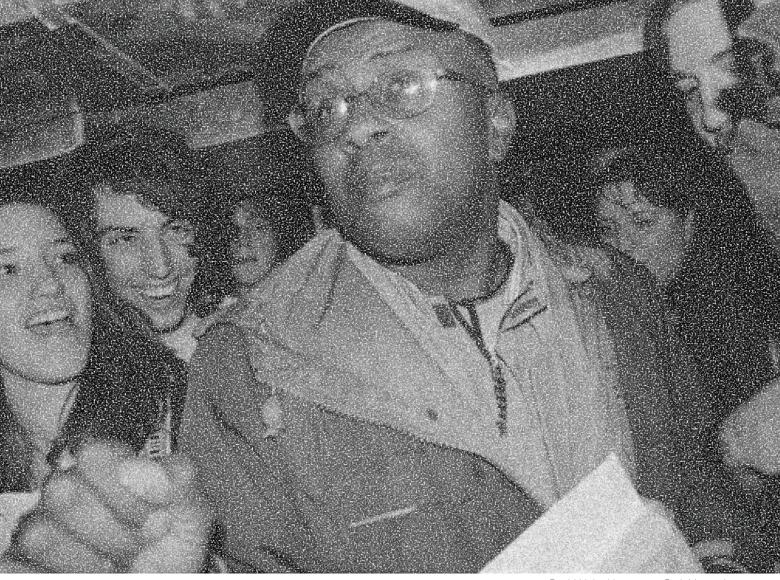
with me when he got to New Brunswick. Perhaps turned off by the idea of a face-to-face interview, DLH messaged me back promptly, saying he'd try and call me after his next show.

Sunday, April 3rd: Rutgers

had already been experiencing a bunch of backlash from the Snooki appearance. I, on the other hand, was napping. I woke up in the middle of this nap to hear my phone ringing, with an unknown number flashing on the screen. It was David Liebe Hart. Flustered by my drowsiness and the unexpectedness of the call, I quickly grabbed a pen and pad and began this strange conversation.

The first thing David Liebe Hart asked me was if the "newspaper people" would be able to advertise his CDs. He needed to sell them, he told me, because he was in a certain amount of debt at the moment. He told me that he had just paid for his mother's fu-





David Liebe Hart enters Fuck Mountain

neral, which was hard enough to respond to. Then, he told me that he had been putting up ex-co-star Richard Dunn's ex-fiancée up in a Motel 6 for the last few months, costing him thousands of dollars.

Trying to lighten up the mood, I asked him about his relationship with Tim Heidecker and Eric Wareheim, his employers. This did not lighten the mood. Apparently, the two creators of the show had been giving him the cold shoulder as of late. For the lucrative, 30-date Chrimbus Special tour that happened over the recent holiday season, they had chosen not to bring Liebe Hart with them. Rather, they decided to film a few short sequences and show him via projector during the shows. Also, Liebe Hart told me that he had done a lot of bits for the up-and-coming feature film, only to end up on the cutting room floor. To top it off, he asked me if I could supply him with mouthwash and shampoo upon his arrival in New Brunswick. In exchange, he would furnish me with a can of ginger ale and a free portrait. Then, after a short conversation about his failed auditions for Parks and Recreation (NBC) and Good Luck, Charlie (Disney

Channel), we said our goodbyes.

I was perplexed. Did that actually just happen? The sheer oddity of the conversation's subject matter, mixed with the grogginess from my nap, made it seem like a dream. Actually, it was more like a segment from Tim and Eric: short, awkward and surreal. The journalist in me knew that I could've made a big deal about it. I could've stretched it any number of ways, making Tim and Eric into some Hollywood-infected monsters to this hardworking man in a tough spot. But you know what I did? I stayed away from it. David Liebe Hart, the show, all of it. I decided it was best to leave it alone.

It almost didn't happen that way. I went to the first part of the show itself. It was just like a lot of other shows one sees in New Brunswick. There were mediocre musical spectacles disguised as weirdo performance art, keg beer and crowds. But as it got closer and closer to David's performance, I was struck with the instinct to run home. And run home I did. I've since been trying to make my peace with the whole ordeal.





Prospector Blues in the New Music Landscape

by Marcin Wysocki Illustration by Zac Schnaffer



udging by recent marketing campaigns, such as musician-branded scratch cards and other terrible musician-endorsed commercials and advertisements, the modern music industry is obviously in a state of desperation as it braces for the impact of its oncoming collapse. However, no one's really worried about it.

As Thom Yorke has said, once the music establishment folds, "[it will be] no great loss to the world." Without the music industry, there will be much less middlemen living off the fat of talented musicians--the power of distribution and marketing now lies within the recording artists themselves. The Internet, once viewed as the scourge of the music world thanks to the revolutionary technology that created Napster, now exists as a vital toolkit for bands and artists looking to disperse their music to the masses. These artists have access to a multitude of channels - they no long just use Myspace, but other sites like YouTube, Twitter, Bandcamp, Facebook, and Tumblr. Each of these provides a medium through which to get your name out there.

The message that every artist needs to realize is that distribution & marketing has to be taken into their own hands. Today, shockingly, it seems the group with the firmest grasp of this current world is hip-hop group Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All. Between 2009 and today, the collective has released a total of eleven albums, all completely free, distributed primarily through the combined use of Tumblr and file-sharing websites such as Mediafire. OFWGKTA is a group that has taken full advantage of the Internet, but, at the same time, maintained a very D.I.Y. ethic towards their

releases--Tyler the Creator, the head and mastermind behind OFWGKTA, has played some role in the production of each of the releases, including everything from album artwork to music videos. Blessed with the phenomenon of word of mouth as well as free marketing from already-popular recording artists (Wu-Tang's GZA as well as Kanye West have promoted them on Twitter) they don't even have to pay for bandwidth in terms of their current method. Yet more importantly, they exist as a collective. Popularity for one artist within that collective garners attention for the rest of the roster. Thanks to Tyler's popularity, the rest of the crew--Earl Sweatshirt, Hodgy Beats, Mike G, Domo Genesis, Left Brain and Frank Ocean--get to reap some of the benefits as well.

There are, however, still major obstacles for the average band to overcome, that don't seem to be dissipating any time soon. Though the industries that provide and distribute the material form of music will collapse, corporations that own venues as well as radio stations (like Clear Channel) have a chokehold over those mediums, which more or less screw the average band. Additionally, audiences still pose a stiff problem for up-and-coming acts - it seems as consumers, modern-day music audiences just aren't as smart as the industry that is flooding their ears with music.

Because it's so easy to put out music now, we, as potential fans of new music, have easy access to find it. Only thing is, this revolution is leading to oversaturation. As an audience who can now be active rather than passive receptacles of media, we must dig through so many inches of bad music, in order to find that one nugget of golden potential. Luckily, what's considered "good music" is not an objective facet of the music world: it's in your hands, and more importantly, your ears.



Jesus Christ, Superstar words and photo by Stefan Haas-Heye

olla at a Space Jesus. The self-dubbed prophet of New Jersey-bred hip-hop and dubstep fusion has consecrated much of the New York area since 2006. It was He who ripped me from musical purgatory, placing me on the dance floor with renewed fervor. But before he came to be, the producer/DJ/occasional-emcee/generallyamazing musician was known as Jasha Tull. Enough with the faith, let's get down to business.

Jasha's road to ascension began with the creation of a group within New Brunswick, the Future Kids. After a few years of playing at local shows, including their well-produced Court Tavern escapades, they eventually split. All four went their separate ways to pursue their own dreams, yet still continued to feed off each other's fascination with creating music.

My adventure to find Jasha Tull started with a trip through downtown New Brunswick to track him down. After drudging through the pouring rain and wandering in multiple wrong directions, I managed to find his apartment. His living room was bare, but for the things that he calls home: a big screen TV, laptop, DJ controller, beat pad, and two very large speakers. While chatting it up with Jasha, I was blessed to watch him meddle around with various programs and equipment. It was completely different from seeing the DJ behind a wall of like-minded merrymakers. Watching him slow down and increase the tempo, fiddle around with pitch, and simply destroy the music that he had so carefully created was an entire new adventure. At times, it made me believe that it was the redefinition of a genre, seeing creativity flow from hand to controller, and the sparks in between.

These skills enabled Jasha to move on to create a dubstep and hip-hop fusion group, picking up front liners Xi On and Cristina Gil. The group originally began playing in shows at underground events, which many of us group into the term "warehouse party."

I remember witnessing one of their first shows, walking through a nondescript side door and ending up in a small converted artist lounge. With swirls of color, giant fans made of umbrellas, and numerous masks, figures, and paintings covering just about everything, I felt as if I had stepped into a different world. It was this event, first planned by three

friendly conspirators, which drew me into the underground music scene. An intimate gathering with, at most, 150 people in attendance, the warehouse was our refuge for the night, enabling us to get lost in the cosmic ups and downs of bass-fueled music.

No more than a year later, they were shaking the Electric Warehouse at the stroke of midnight. It was a massive New Years' party, where they performed in front of thousands.

Jasha Tull is currently producing tracks under the alias of Space Jesus, yet it seems that he has broken out from the pack, prepping himself for full growth into his alias. He can currently be found dropping beats and cigarette ashes while working on his first solo EP or hanging out at parties turning water into wine.

Jasha Tull lets the power of music flow.





Ken De Poto, Singer / Guitarist for They had Faces Then at McCormick's, Photo by Dan De Poto

As the music section of the Rutgers Review, we always try and make local artists and events a main priority. Here is a list of some of our favorite aspiring acts from the Brunz.

They Had Faces Then

Sounds Like: Nirvana, Nada Surf Currently: Playing various Jersey shows

Info: With the release of current EP 1977, They Had Faces Then has provided the New Brunswick scene with a cool dose of chill and relaxation. Their melodic and flowing tunes are fun, yet easy to kick back and listen to; featuring a refined sense of musicality yet holding onto a youthful flair. Tracks such as "Carter" and "Something About Water" stand out and transport the listener to a state of blissful musical repose, carrying a steady groove that you're sure to dig.

— Sonia Karas

Holy City Zoo

Sounds Like: At The Drive-In, Foo Fighters, The Fall of Troy Currently: Just self-released an EP, soon to be recording another. Playing anywhere they can, maybe your basement? Info: Comprised of four close friends from the New Brunswick area, Holy City Zoo has been playing as many shows as they've been able to within the past year. Combining modern rock riffs with post-hardcore sensibility, they're the sonic equivalent of a breath of fresh air in a scene where pop rock and hardcore stand as polar opposites to one another. This is fun, high-energy music with an edge - if you haven't been to a basement show lately, make it a point to check these guys out.

Marcin Wysocki

One Flew Over

Sounds Like: Regina Spektor, a more soulful Paramore Currently: Working on a full-length release with Richard Taylor of Studio3NI

Info: One Flew Over is about to make quite a statement in the New Brunswick scene. Forming last summer, these guys (and girl) have already put out an EP and are currently working on releasing their first full-length studio album. Donna Missal (vocals) has quite a powerful voice that blends perfectly with their electronic/indie rock music. It seems to be hard to stand out as a rock band with a female vocalist without being compared to other popular female-fronted acts (Evanescence, Paramore), but One Flew over definitely has a sound of its own and is destined to achieve success one way or another.

— Joe Zorzi

Let Me Run

Sounds Like: Foo Fighters, The Get Up Kids Currently: Check 'em at The Court Tavern on April 21st Info: Originating in New Brunswick in the summer of 2007, Let Me Run came together with a mutual love of making music, and a thirst for success. Full of catchy riffs and hooks, the band keeps it heavy yet dynamic, and always fun. Most recently signed to Paper + Plastik, the band has a newlyrestored sense of ambition to keep jamming and orchestrating songs that listeners can get down to. The quartet has been busy playing all around New Jersey, cementing themselves as more than just a local band.

Sonia Karas



Doing the Murray Hall Five-Knuckle Shuffle



by Ned A. Snarkforn

ON THIS PARTICULAR

OCCASION, THE

BATHROOM IS

COMPLETELY EMPTY,

WHICH IS FANTASTIC

BECAUSE ALL I REQUIRE

FOR A QUICK CUM IS A

ROOM OF MY OWN.

🗙 o I arrived at Murray Hall a half hour before class and I was horny. I used to think my horniness would have abated by this age; rather, it has intensified. It strikes unpredictably and if I don't jerk off, I cannot get shit done. I put my stuff down in the classroom which is empty except for one quiet, studious person. I trust him with my stuff and go to the men's bathroom in the basement, the second floor bathroom being generally more crowded. This is before I learned of the unisex singles scattered in the labyrinth that is the Murray basement.

I choose a small stall cramped into a corner of the bathroom and set to work. Now I enjoy masturbation as much as anyone but the atmosphere of the Murray Hall men's public restroom is something certainly less than sexually stimulating (unless you're into that you dirty pig you). It's not easy

for me to climax while simultaneously listening to Professor Sweatstains pass his kidney stones. Masturbating in Murray Hall is only ever absolutely necessary.

On this particular occasion, the bathroom is completely empty, which is fantastic because all I require for a quick cum is a room of my own. I'm tenaciously going at it, working it up, flexing my thighs, about

to cum, and then this guy walks in. This has happened before, people often interrupt me, so I'm not that irritated but it's frustrating. However his choosing to occupy a stall immediately adjacent to mine seems unnecessary and most certainly pisses

When this sort of thing happens, I don't completely stop jerkin it but I do slow down, not wanting to make any suspicious noises or movements (an orgasm of mine is quite the spectacle). Basically I just try to keep it erect until the guy does his duty and leaves. But what the fuck? Really? There are three other perfectly operational stalls to choose from and he chooses the one next to mine?

So I'm stealthily jerkin it, one hand on my dick, one hand holding my cell phone, watching the seconds tick away. I just need one cum to get through

class and this guy is the only thing in my way. As he hits and passes the five minute mark I wonder why here, why now, why so long? If you wanna take a good relaxing shit just do it at home! But then I suppose I'm a hypocrite.

After five more agonizing minutes I finally hear the rip of the toilet paper, the sh-sh-sh of the paper against his ass, and the repeat. And the repeat... and the repeat... and the repeat... AND THE RE-PEAT. I want to kill him. I understand that it's a public restroom and that the guy most certainly has the right to take as much time as he wants to shit and clean up but jesus christ how shitty can an asshole be? And here I am, barely keeping it up and god I just want to cum.

Rip, sh-sh-sh, repeat. Five minutes pass. Rip, sh-sh-sh, repeat. Five more minutes. Rip, sh-sh-sh-, repeat. FIVE MORE MINUTES.

> After fifteen fucking minutes I'm restraining myself from sparking a lighter, leaning under the divider, and lighting the toilet paper roll aflame. Then I hear the wondrous sound of rushing water as he rises, buckles himself, and exits the stall. He walks to the sink and I peer desperately through the space between the stall door and the divider to catch a glimpse of this ridiculous person. All I can

see are flashes of his shirt pattern and his shoes.

He leaves, and with no one in the room I finally cum, clean up, flush, buckle, wash and I'm out. I return to my classroom and sit down across from the quiet, studious person I had left. Then I notice the shirt pattern and then the shoes. The room is empty except for us and I realize that I'm sitting alone with the obsessive-compulsive ass-wiper next to whom I had been desperately jerking off. We say nothing to each other. He never looks up from his work and leaves as soon as my classmates start to wander in. Did he know it was me? Did he know what I had been doing? I don't know. But please Sir, if you ever read this article, feel free to ignore me. I am a bashful person and would simply rather avoid that interaction.



o celebrate "Wine Wednesday," a colleague and I went to The Hub on French Street and, for \$10, bought an assortment of low-end fortified wines (LEFW). Also known as "Bum Wines," these spirits can squash decency in even the most composed individual. They have even attracted the ire of certain social factions who accuse the products of causing vagrancy and stirring unrest.

But this is Wine Wednesday, and in the modest glow of our living room, we host a wine-tasting. Cheese and crackers aren't available, so we serve neon sour gummy worms and knock-off Swedish Fish. They will harmonize with the delicate body of the wine and its sweet bite.

Wild Irish Rose, Red flavor

Upon opening, an aroma of perhaps-toxic substances emerged from the tall, glass flask. Ambiguously titled "Red," the wine's flavor was that of a mix between Dimetapp and Splenda. Specific sentiments expressed at tasting included, "So sweet it hurts," and "Imagine finishing a bottle of this?" We were definitely overzealous with the pouring, and the finishing of this specific test was prolonged. 215

Fuzzy Navel by Boone's Farm

What seemed like another LEFW to our untrained eyes was really a low-alcohol content malt beverage. It was, in any case, quite delicious, bringing to the imagination a sort of flavored beer for people who hang out with beer drinkers but don't like beer. *NIA*

Thunderbird

This was the Elvis of bum wines: glamorous at first, but in its final moments, overindulgent and disgraced. The flavor was somewhere between corn syrup and white wine. We felt emotionally compromised by the flavor, experiencing thoughts of "grapes dipped in wood polish," and the image of homeless people pulverizing grapes with their feet. Both images were depressing, but went hand-inhand with the spiritually vanquishing feeling that had come over us from so much consumption. 2/15

Night Train Express

Things begin to get blurry here, having lost our senses of smell, taste and self-respect. We recall having favorable opinions of this beverage, the "citrus wine" red being an improvement on Wild Irish Rose. Other sentiments included "the keystone of wine." The culminating image was that of vine-yards in the winter, probably due to the fact that Night Train was the least sweet of the wines. 315

Cisco, Blue Raspberry flavor

What's more unnerving about Cisco: the taste of the actual beverage, or the fact that people drink it recreationally? Neither of us had ever seen a blue raspberry, but after drinking this LEFW, we decided we would avoid them at all costs. It sort of resembled Wild Irish Rose, only more syrupy and alienating. Like its fellow wines, Cisco would not go well with any sort of food. It can only effectively accompany your own vomit, as you disgorge yourself in a public restroom.

1/5

Morale was low after trying all five beverages, and we decided pizza would be necessary to relieve the pain in our stomachs and our minds. Like hungry spirits in the night, we drifted to Ta-Ta's and tried to fill the void that the wine had left. Once absolved of our sins, we offered our putrid souls unto the judgment of a night's rest. Editors Note: Please drink responsibly, okay? Change your life.







